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SENSIBLE WOMEN.

The most pleasing phase of the trial of the Astor street brothel proprietors yesterday, was the presence in the court room of a representative body of Astoria's women. Primarily, the presence of these women, who were from among the elite of the city, evidenced approval of Sheriff Linville's crusade against the dance halls and secondarily, demonstrated that the women of Astoria are free from the absurd abhorrence of worldly subjects, a condition usually found among women who are denied even a remote conception of common sense. The testimony in most instances, could not, under the circumstances, savor of refinement. As a matter of fact, invariably the utterances were in the parlance of the tenderloin. But the women who thronged that court room, who visited there determined to fight for all that was good and to assist the city in driving a very undesirable element from within its confines, did not shudder, nor did they display any emotions that would indicate that they were shocked. They appreciated that the moral status of the city was at stake and actuated by resolves, worthy of the most laudatory comment, remained in the courtroom throughout the trial. The men of Astoria may be congratulated in realizing that their women possess most admirable characteristics and are allied with them in the fight for moral cleanliness.

BAD FAITH.

According to the ruling of the executive committee of the National Good Roads association, and to the words of President Moore, during Thursday's session at the Portland fair, the convention held at the Lewis and Clark exposition is not of National significance, hence, the tabling of the election of officers until a meeting, later in the year. Such, avers President Moore, was the decision of the executive committee while in session at St. Louis recently. His announcement was the occasion for much dissatisfaction among the members of the association, in fact, the convention was the scene of great disorder. The executive committee's decision apparently was as much of a surprise to Secretary R. W. Richardson, as to the majority of the members and to the exposition company. That these discussions should arise at this time when the greatest work of the association confronts it, is most unfortunate. What President Moore's object is in wishing to defer the election is difficult to determine. He has held his office long and has served the association well, as have the others who have taken active interest in the work. It may be, he feels more can be accomplished by retaining the present officers, but this would fail to explain why the Portland convention has been declared "not National." When negotiations were commenced for the holding of a meeting in Portland, as an inducement, the exposition corporation pledged an appropriation of \$2500, it is said, with the express understanding that a National convention would be held in the exposition city. The official call for delegates, issued under the supervision of Secretary Richardson, was of such a tenor as to indicate the convention would be National, citing, as it did, not those of its affiliations. The governors only the name of the association, but of commonwealths, mayors of cities, presidents of educational, fraternal, agricultural, religious and commercial organizations who appointed delegates to the Portland convention presumably labored under the impression that the session was to be a National affair. The developments at Thursday's meeting, manifest lack of confidence on the part of the executive committee in all con-

cerned and are certainly an evidence of bad faith, which can only result in retrograding the progress of the association.

COMMENT

"The Morning Astorian is contemplating further improved changes in the near future, chief among which, is a Monday edition. This paper is rapidly improving since its purchase by J. S. Dellinger a few months ago," comments the Cathlamet, Wash., Columbia River Sun, manifesting the sentiment prevalent among most Astorians.

"Wish the Twice-a-Week Eugene Review or the Eugene Review Twice-a-Week would change its classification to a seven-column paper. It's beastly cumbersome, especially when a person is eager to devour its interesting contents."

An aggregation of nifty cow boys "shot up" Sumpter, Oregon. The vaqueros were, of course, "half shot."

A horse and animal show in Butte, Mont., broke up in a riot. Shots were fired, several people narrowly escaped death and many journeyed home with mural decorations on their physogs. It must have been a regular circus.

A Burlington train using the Northern Pacific tracks near Garrison, Mont., broke in two. Upon investigation it was discovered that a draw bar was broken, too!

"Schooner loses sailor at sea," reads a head in the Tacoma, Wash., Daily Ledger. Previous to this untimely end, the sailor, unquestionably, lost a number of schooners ashore.

Woman suffrage apparently is making great strides in Tacoma if the following head, appearing in the Daily Ledger, may be accepted as a criterion, "Run-away Youngster Found By Policeman."

Officials of the Lake Shore railway have decided to return the "20th Century Juggernaut" to its former schedule—20 hours between Chicago and New York.

With intelligence characteristic of Chicago, "Child Slavery" has been instituted to solve the "Servant Girl Problem." How elevating.

A iron bolt from "L," according to the Syracuse, N. Y., Telegram, struck a man on the head, injuring him seriously. If the hurt proves fatal it is to be hoped that the unfortunate man will enter some world other than "L."

Under the new regime, those who are insured by the Equitable may be assured that their policies are bona-fide.

Dr. W. W. Holt, of Portland, will preach in the Presbyterian church Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Hard on Norah.

Scene: The Wilson's dining-room. Norah, the slovenly cook, puts her head in at the door. Norah—"Plaze, ma'm will ye be afther tellin' me whin I'm to know whether th' puddin's baked or not?" Mrs. Wilson—"Stick a knife into the middle of it and if the knife comes out clean, the pudding is ready to be sent to the table."

Mr. Wilson—"And, Norah, if it does come out clean, stick all the rest of the knives in the house into the pudding."

Brief, But Expressive.

Baron De Kaye—"You received two letters from the ambassador concerning my financial standing? May I ask what those letters were?" Mr. Astorbilt—"Sure; they were N. G.!"

The Cherry Tree Was a Chestnut. George Washington—"Mistress Custis, Martha, I love you! I would tell the same old, old story. I—" The Widow Custis—"Oh, George, please if you love me, spare me that cherry tree incident!"

Too Much Even for Him. Ostreich-bridge—"Why, dearest, don't you like this pie? I made it every bit myself."

Ostreich-groom—"I'm just a wee bit afraid of it darling. I'll eat a couple of these railroad spikes instead."

The Third Jag.

I met a man upon the street, And he was wobbly on his feet; His tie was hanging down his back;

His nose was red; an eye was black. He tried to hum a weepy song, And got the words and music wrong; But ever and anon he'd cheer, "Rah! for the first jag of the year." I met the man again next day; He reeled in just the self-same way. He caught my eye, and archly beckoned!

"Ain't this a peach!" he said—"the second!"

And next day after that, again I met this merriest of men. Again he had not tried to pass The highball bubbling in the glass. He proudly stammered out, "My word! This is a pippin for the third." And yet again, next afternoon Once more we met. I cried, "So soon You've fled unto the sinful cup. And all your legal jag's used up. This time you surely cannot fail To spend a thirsty time in jail."

"K-kind friend," he stuttered, "d-do not f-fear; I'm st-starting on another year." —Wexford Jones (N. Y. American). Note.—Mr. Jones, late of the Portland Oregonian, was at one time connected with the Astorian.—Editor.

LETTERS TO HER

Before and After.

My Dearest Wife: I received your letter, the last one, and the continual complaint about my prolonged silence" (all underlined) is just about getting on my nerves. It seems strange that a man cannot take a vacation without feeling compelled to establish telegraphic communication with his home and the members of the family. A perpetual fire of letters does not appeal to a man off on a short vacation; nor does a few days of rest, without the letter writing, necessarily denote conjugal infidelity. My dear, do be sensible.

You know that I am with Smith and Jones, and that we are a hundred odd miles from civilization. I have ridden twelve miles to post this letter and the mercury has run up to 98 in the shade. Ask one of your sisters to stay with you if I am not home on said date and do be a good, sensible little girl. Your loving husband. CHARLIE. P. S.—Smith caught ten splendid salmon this noon. Will send some down.

May 1, 1903.

My Dear Clara: A man never goes away from home without the attendant worries that belong to the female portion of creation and the vicissitudes that belong properly to the infant department and the nursery. You want me to come home? If the children have a light form of the measles, of what use could I possibly be? You speak of being neglected, and intimate that I do not worry about domestic troubles!

Don't you do enough for two? A year of drudgery in an office is all the punishment a fellow deserves, and surely a few weeks of freedom is well earned. Of course, if the children are really, seriously, ill, I will gather my belongings together and pack my kit. But are they? I have vivid memories of Willie's croup (which was only a slight attack of sniffles), and of the collar button that my son digested with wonderful ease. All false alarms, and, as a result of your nerves, my salary was cut down ten that month. Now, if you truly think I should be home, telegraph. Affec.

CHARLIE.

P. S.—Please send my business coat to the cleaner's.

May 14, 1903.

Dear Clara: Don't know when I shall be back. On the trail of extra fine buck. Didn't hear from you, so of course, concluded that the babies were better. Get a new dress—that doesn't mean a complete outfit—and don't worry if you don't hear again from me. Awfully tired when we get back to camp. I have gained seven pounds. Have a good time and take your sister to the matinee. In haste,

P. S.—What made you put in that old copy of Browning? It served a good purpose, though, for I have been using the blank pages for letter paper; forgot to bring some. Be a good girl.

C.

August 8, 1904.

(Telegram.)

Mrs. Charles Byington, Hotel de Monte, Cal.: Won't send another cent if not enough of clothes, come home. I'll go out of my head if baby doesn't cut teeth soon.

I think you better come home—at once.

CHARLES.

—Jane Carr, S. F., Bulletin.

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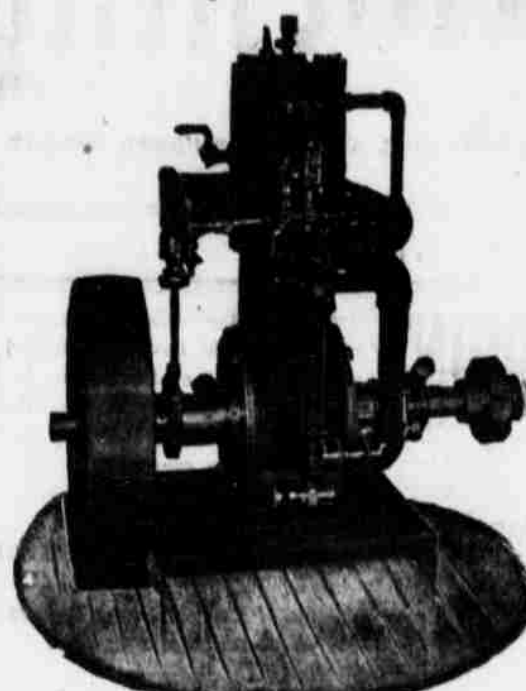
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